

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 288.

SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1859.

Price 12d.

DR SIRINGEM, Q.C.K.

As in the political world there are some persons who are always in opposition, and continuously sympathetic with the powers that be *not*, so in matters physical there is a considerable minority to whom commonly recognised authorities are equally abhorrent. A man whose nature is Conservative should be cautious how he once transgresses in any of these revolutionary directions; for not only is retreat found to be impossible, but further unorthodox advance seems to become imperative. A gentleman cannot take the Pills of Methuselah, night and morning, with the intention of protracting life, and dying with a white beard forty inches long, for any considerable period, with impunity to what remains within him of common sense. Finding himself alive, and with his beard growing, his respect for the Faculty will diminish, and his desires for Patent Medicines increase and multiply. When his eyes get dull, he will patronise *Winkin's Efficacious Puff Ball* instead of spectacles; when his legs begin to totter, he will support them with *Walker's Powders for strengthening the Bones*, instead of a stick; and he will make his bald head shine with *Noddle's Revigorator*, with the idea that, after a week or two, it will save him the cost of a wig.

Similarly, a Teetotaller runs a considerable risk of becoming a Total-abstinence man, and a Total-abstinence man of sinking into a Vegetarian—that is to say, down to the level of the beasts that perish for the use and benefit of the great mass of his fellow-countrymen. It may be also added, that, in religious matters, from being a Jumper to becoming a Mormon is not many jumps; and in literary concerns, that one who, upon principle, spells Bill with one l, must soon become a convert to the Phonetic system. Our business just at present, however, is only with the Medically Unorthodox; with those who believe in no curative science that is not advertised on blank walls and in newspapers, and who demand nothing of a practitioner, except the one proviso that he shall not be a recognised M.D.

Unknown to the College of Surgeons and Physicians, though not by any means to Fame, there are numberless heaven-born professors of the Healing Art in every populated portion of this happy country; whose cures, if not always lasting, are very speedy, and if not always cheap, are at least miraculous. Those whose mission is exclusively directed to the poorer classes, make no pretensions to Science whatsoever, but rather glory in their state of nature and primeval ignorance. They have 'gifts' instead,

and 'faculties' and 'powers,' and are generally found to lodge over the shops of very small green-grocers. Perhaps they do this for the sake of the simples—that is, the vegetable simples—thus ready to their hand; but, at all events, they are peculiarly parasitical to that profession; and, on the other hand, the small green-grocer doubtless makes some kind of Profit out of his wise man. They dwell, and even emigrate together, when occasion demands, as the following advertisement, culled out of yesterday's newspaper, from a considerable assortment of such intimations, will testify:

TO THE AFFLICTED.

Removed with Mr Mellon, green-grocer, from No. 9 to No. 40 Arbour Court, Finsbury,

RICHARD HIGGINS,

who still continues to treat the following diseases with success: Rheumatisms and Sprains—within 7 days; Rose—within 2 days; Ringworm—within 4 days. Lupus Exedens, which baffles the medical Faculty—*certain*. All Skin Diseases—*certain*. Rough Skins very soon made smooth.

The punctuality, as well as rapidity, of Mr Higgins's cures, without doubt surpasses the effects of ordinary treatment, while the somewhat elliptical addition of the word '*certain*,' betokens a confidence which is rarely commanded by mere professionals.

Besides these Blessings to poor neighbourhoods, however, there is another class of benevolent persons who administer relief to suffering brethren of a higher social position. Being actuated by motives considerably above suspicion, they are far from blushing to find the good they accomplish, Fame; indeed—since their expenses are generally confined to the hire of a Front Door with a brass plate upon it—their principal outlay may be said, like that of the Physician so well known to us, whose 'sands of life' have been running out any time these fifteen years, to consist 'in communicating to others, through the medium of the press, the news of the inestimable advantages they have to confer;' in other words, they advertise very largely. These gentlemen by no means disclaim the title of 'Doctor,' and their titles have not seldom quite a kite-like appearance from 'a following' of some twelve or fifteen letters of the alphabet. They are usually corresponding members of the Chirurgical Societies of Teheran and Archangel, and have been sometime principal physicians at the courts of Donner-Blitzen or Offsubierswigg.

Although it has been (maliciously and libellously) stated that they lead a large portion of the British Public by the nose, this is not the literal fact,

It is the Ear, in preference to any other organ, by which they prefer to take it. That is found to be the most conveniently held—if the longer, the better—and to afford altogether the most advantageous subject for the Irregular Practitioner. There are few persons, in any populous and commercial town, who are not afflicted, at one time or another, with 'singing in the ears.' For that complaint, you are therefore adjured, while there is yet time, to consult, at his professional residence (dimly suggesting a private one in Grosvenor Square), the celebrated aurist, Dr Siringem, Q.C.K., and C.H.R.L.T.N. Again, if you are so unfortunate as *not* to have singing in your ears, what charms has music left for you? If music has no charms, the poet has informed us in what a savage condition must our feelings be. A beneficent advertisement, headed, with a delicate indirectness, *Concerts*, will in this case also suggest your immediate application to Dr Siringem. No trumpet, it says, will assist you, or find a response in the drum of your ear, without his aid. The whisper of Love, the prattle of affectionate Childhood, the fine bass tones of Friendship, now all as nothing, by reason of your unresponsive tympanum, will be restored to you by his means alone. 'Doctor S. may, without vanity—and humbly acknowledging that he is (metaphorically speaking) but an instrument—appropriate to himself the faculty of restoring life, since he thus restores with certainty all that makes life endurable. No. 99 Gongoose Street, Blackfriars. Hours of attendance, from 9 A.M. to 9 P.M.'

My Uncle Sandars, who is always giving his adhesion to Grand Novel Discoveries in Science, and who, I most devoutly trust, will be able to confine his aberrations to maltreatment of his own system, and not suffer it to affect his present testamentary intentions with regard to others, was for a period which, but for me, might have been unlimited, an esteemed patient of Dr Siringem's. The learned professor's mode of treatment was so original as to deserve, if upon that ground only, public acknowledgment; and as I see he is still courting the attention of the World at large, I will assist him, by giving a fuller account of the benefits which he proposes to confer upon it, than a mere advertisement can offer. My uncle had been taking the Manna of Mephithobeth—a sovereign remedy for deafness—perseveringly for several years, without getting perceptibly less hard of hearing; but he was very far from confessing to that failure. He even affirmed that he felt 'a softening' at times—which must have been, if anywhere, in his brain—and 'a sort of a feeling as if he was going to hear;' so that I was rather astonished when calling upon him on a certain day to find that he had left off the Manna, and confessed himself the better for so doing.

'I am sincerely glad to hear it,' said I; 'and I do hope you will no longer permit your too trusting nature to be imposed upon by pretenders to science.' He was my uncle, and my only one, so I could not say 'foiled by quacks.'

'What the deuce do you mean, sir?' replied he angrily. 'Of course, I shan't. I'm the last man in the world to be taken in by anything of the sort.'

'Goodness gracious!' exclaimed I, suddenly perceiving a very extraordinary change in the appearance of my relative, 'what have you been doing with your ears and the back of the neck?'

'Nothing,' said he, but rather tremulously. 'They're only a little red—are they?'

'Red!' cried I. 'Redder than beet-root, redder than boiled lobster. Why, they have been absolutely skinned.'

'Ah, it's only the liniment,' said he with affected composure. 'Dr Siringem informed me that the effect of the first external application was not unlikely

to be peculiar. It shews that I'm just the subject for it, and a very little more of it will do for me.'

'My dear uncle,' said I, gravely, 'I haven't a doubt of it. May I ask where Dr Siringem lives?'

'His professional residence,' replied the patient, pompously, and quoting from the advertisement, 'is 99 Gongoose Street.'

'I don't find it *here*,' observed I carelessly, and turning over the leaves of a Medical Directory.

'No,' cried Uncle Sandars pettishly, 'and I'm very glad of it. I have had water enough injected into my ears already, sir, by your professional gentry: water enough to give a fellow hydrocephalus. This is a man of original genius, sir; you should see him yourself, and hear *him* talk of the Faculty.'

I not only professed submission to the superior intelligence of this wonder, but I accepted my uncle's recommendation, and repaired to Dr Siringem's at once, for his invaluable advice. Not that I was at all deaf, but because I wanted to hear something new—and with the intention of repeating it afterwards.

The door of 99 Gongoose Street was ornamented with a gigantic brass plate, with the name of this Apostle of Hearing conspicuously set forth upon it, and underneath, the words—'The Institution for the Ear.' I was introduced into a small apartment wherein were two male and three female patients awaiting their turn for an interview with the great man. All five had kerchiefs bound under their chin: for my own part, I had but a poor half-penny worth of cotton-wool in my ears, and that not inserted so tightly but that I could hear what was said with considerable ease. My companions were communicative enough, and let me know in some three minutes—at the full stretch of their lungs—that they were, like myself, novices in Gongoose Street, and had been attracted thither solely by the advertisements. Presently, the young man, half-footman, half-medical assistant, who had admitted us, and who—so lachrymose and sympathetic was his appearance—might have been Mr Job Trotter himself, put his head into the room, and beckoned me into his master's sanctum. Why I, the last comer, was selected, I do not pretend to say; perhaps, Mr Trotter was by nature suspicious, or perhaps the circumstances of his profession may have been such as to call forth particular caution; but he certainly did eye me with distrust as he introduced me to the presence of Dr Siringem.

This Benefactor of the Human Family was a florid gentleman, with such huge whiskers and so magnificent a forehead, that your attention was instantaneously swallowed up by those two objects, and diverted from his countenance, which was also much obscured by large blue spectacles.

'What are your particular symptoms, sir?' inquired this gentleman, in an ordinary conversational tone.

I shook my head, and pointed to my ears, with a dumb eloquence that I flatter myself must have been rather touching.

He threw into his forehead an air of tender pity, and elevating his voice, repeated the question.

Again I smiled in a melancholy and maudlin manner, to express my consciousness of his benevolent efforts, and to let him know at the same time that they were fruitless.

The forehead retained its tenderness, but I am much mistaken if the voice did not mutter something like 'Never met with such a fool,' before it ejaculated, in a tone that must have reached two streets off, his original inquiry.

A conversation, which, upon his part, threatened to burst a blood-vessel at every word, was in this manner carried on between us, during which Dr Siringem perfectly convinced me that he knew no more about the causes of deafness than an earwig.

'You undertake, then, to cure me,' said I, referring to his advertisement, 'in seven minutes?'

'In seven minutes and three-quarters,' responded he, with modesty, 'since yours is a very difficult case.'

'Very good,' replied I. 'We will say eight, and I shall be quite contented. Please to begin.'

This determination to be operated upon at once seemed a good deal to stagger the learned doctor.

'It will not be good for you to go out into the air, sir, afterwards.'

'Not good for the hair!' said I, with surprise and innocence.

'The air, you idiot'—this complimentary epithet was addressed to me in a lower tone of voice—the atmosphere, the wind,' screamed the unfortunate physician, 'would be the death of you, sir.'

'Eight minutes,' said I, quietly soliloquising, and taking out my watch; 'it's now just twelve o'clock.'

This action seemed to give the man of science—now almost at his wits' end—a new idea. He produced from his fob a repeater of gigantic size, and standing behind me, applied it to my right ear. 'Do you hear it striking twelve?' roared he.

'No,' said I; 'I don't;' and indeed the repeater was quite silent.

'See here,' cried he, producing a little phial full of the whitish liquid which had skinned my uncle's ears, 'I only just touch the orifice with this fluid,' and I felt my ear tingle as he said so. 'Now, do you hear my repeater striking twelve?'

If I had not done so, I must have been past curing even by Dr Siringem, for the strokes thundered upon my tympanum like the beats of Great Tom of Oxford.

'Yes, I hear it,' said I, as if in some doubt still, although I was indeed almost made deaf in reality by the uproar.

'And you didn't hear it before, sir, did you?' asked he triumphantly.

'No,' said I, with the utmost truth; 'I certainly did not.'

'The liniment did it,' cried he—'it was all the liniment.'

The ingenuous air of pardonable pride which played upon Dr Siringem's forehead as he stated this enormous falsehood, was worthy of any man's admiration.

'You must take it home, and apply it yourself,' said he, with extreme earnestness and strength of lungs; 'the effect of the first external ap'—

Here I nodded with peculiar intelligence, and interrupted him with the anxious inquiry: 'You are sure it will not hurt me? I can't bear any kind of pain.'

'It can't hurt, sir,' insisted he with vehemence; 'it's morally impossible that it can hurt an infant. I'll stake my professional reputation upon its never having given any patient one moment's inconvenience.'

'And in what am I indebted to you for your advice?' inquired I, as I took possession of this invaluable specific.

'In nothing,' said he; 'there is nothing to pay at all.'

'Nothing!' echoed I in a tone of very genuine astonishment.

'Nothing; unless you like to leave a five-pound note or so for the Institution.'

'No, thank you,' said I courteously but firmly; 'no, I don't think that I'll do that just now.'

The forehead was still bland, but the whiskers rather bristled up, I thought, as he replied: 'The lotion is twenty-nine and six; and the apparatus for use, without which its application would be dangerous, is three pound ten and sixpence.'

'That will just make five pounds in all,' said I, fumbling in my pocket. 'I have not got so much about me, I find, but it shall be paid for with pleasure upon delivery. I am staying,' said I, as I stood upon the very last step of the front door while Dr Siringem was bidding me farewell, 'with Mr Sandars of Weazel Chambers, Temple, whom I think you know.'

My revered relative was very slow to credit this depreciatory account of his idol; but the repeater that did not strike, and the liniment which could not hurt an infant (about which he felt especially indignant), were such complete evidences of fraud, that he determined to present Dr Siringem with a piece of his mind concerning them, forthwith. No sooner, however, did he ring the bell of the Institution, upon the ensuing morning, than out came Mr Job Trotter, more sympathetic-looking than ever, with the news that his master was ill in bed. My uncle, who is of a pertinacious disposition, renewed his visit upon the following day, when Dr Siringem was reported to be worse. He visited this Home of Science the third time, and received information from a charwoman that the chambers were given up, and that the learned doctor had sailed—for the benefit of his health—to the Madeiras.

Nevertheless, at this present date, and in apartments at no very considerable distance from Gongoose Street, may be still consulted, for Deafness and Singing in the Ears, one Dr Tympanum, who, although without whiskers, without blue spectacles, and without a particularly high forehead, can be identified by this writer, upon oath, with Dr Siringem; my uncle Sandars, whose credulity is firmer than the faith of many persons, having been enticed by a fresh advertisement to put himself under a second Benefactor to his Species, and having discovered in that individual an old friend with a new face.

KATIE CHALLONER.

IN TWO CHAPTERS—CHAP. II.

THINGS now went on for several weeks much on their old footing, except that Frank spent most of his evenings at Miss Woodville's house. Katie's remonstrances, however, on the subject of his intimacy with his cousin, did not seem to produce any very great result. He assured her that Stonor was not so bad as his uncle represented him. It was true, he was rather gay; not quite so steady as he might have been; but then Frank did not see he was so much worse than many other young men whom everybody knew, and nobody seemed to be very hard upon. Did Katie know that Mr Fountayne had taken Stonor, who had just then completed the third year of his apprenticeship to a medical man, by the hand some years since, just after the sudden death of his father, and had obtained him his present post in the Old Bank, and also promise of advancement; as well as that at the time it was reasonably believed that Stonor, with his two sisters, were to be the principal inheritors under their uncle's will? But all this, so far as Stonor was interested, had been suddenly changed when Mr Fountayne had come to the knowledge of certain conduct of Stonor's, which he characterised as disgraceful, but did not condescend to describe further. Speaking of this conduct, Stonor had admitted, Frank continued, that he could not clear himself of the charges of criminal weakness and folly; but he hardly seemed to feel that he ought to have met with such severe punishment; for his uncle, when he withdrew his good opinion, had left him to struggle on as he could on his poor patrimony, and the proceeds of a very subordinate situation in the Old Bank.

Miss Challoner did not inquire what Stonor's alleged offence was, as Frank rather dreaded she might have done. The fact, known but by very few, was, that he had seduced the daughter of very respectable parents under peculiarly disgraceful circumstances. His own version of the transaction—and the only one, we need scarcely say, that Frank had heard—was, that he had been the object of a plot between the girl and her parents, who had attempted to inveigle him into a marriage, and that, in point of fact, he was the seduced, not the seducer. However, Mr Fountayne, on some uncertain information reaching his ears, had taken the matter up, and in an interview with the unhappy girl and her parents, had had such convincing proofs of Stonor's baseness and treachery laid before him—some in the young man's own handwriting—that he had at once paid down a large sum of money as the only compensation which could then be made. Thus very few ever heard the true facts of the case; and Stonor, in his own circle, was able to obtain credit to the statement he chose to put forth. Had Frank known a tithe of the truth, his reception of his uncle's warnings would have been very different, and he might have been saved from much subsequent sorrow and suffering.

It might have been about four months after Frank and Katie had come to the understanding which seemed so agreeable to all parties concerned, that Mr Fountayne was one morning shewn into the room in which the two ladies were seated at their work-table. It was at once apparent that he was much discomposed. For a while he sat constrained and silent, or making monosyllabic replies to what was said to him, with a heavy gloom on his countenance, and his eyes bent upon the carpet. At last, speaking very abruptly, and with obviously painful effort, he said: 'I have ill news. I would gladly have suppressed it, but I fear it would not be right. My dear young lady,' addressing himself now specially to Katie, 'I fear this unlucky lad is going to disappoint us both. I gave him two cheques yesterday, to be paid into the hands of two different persons—one for L.35, drawn on our London agents; the other for L.20. This is it. It was brought to the bank this morning, and handed to Mr Tuffnell, who happened to be there when the bearer, a disreputable-looking sort of low fellow, came in. Tuffnell, noticing that it was not endorsed, asked him how he came by it. "Found it," said the fellow. "Where?" "Why, in the billiard-room at Blaydes", when he was shutting up last night. He saw it lying under the table." The fellow shewed no unwillingness to wait while Tuffnell wrote a note, and sent it on to me. I went up at once. The man answered my questions very freely, until I asked him who had been at Blaydes' overnight; and then he shut up close enough. I had not seen Frank this morning before going to the office; he sent me word at breakfast-time that he was feeling very poorly, but that he hoped to be at his desk by noon. On leaving the bank, I went to him at once, and found him in his own room, with all the traces of a night of dissipation about him—untouched breakfast, face pale and haggard, hands hot and shaking, and the rest of it. I asked him if he had paid the cheques I gave him. "No," he said; "he was going to —" I interrupted him: "Where were they, then?" He answered: "In his pocket-book." "Would he be good enough to hand them over to me?" The pocket-book lay at his elbow. He opened it, and certainly well acted surprise at not finding them. I shewed him this, and told him how I came by it, and asked what explanation he could give. Then came his history of the preceding evening. He had been at this house till about half-past eight. He had left early,

in order to deliver the cheques in the proper quarters. He had met Stonor Harrison close to Mr Temple's door. Stonor told him that he was going to ask young Temple to go with him to the theatre; but that if he declined, he would walk on with him, Frank, to his destination. When they went in, the Temples were just sitting down to supper, and were very urgent with them to stop and take some. Both declined, but Mr Temple had insisted on their having a glass of wine. I found—for I have been to Mr Temple's—that this was all quite true, and that Frank only took a little wine, with water to it, which Stonor poured out for him at the same time with his own glass at the sideboard. Miss Temple remembered this distinctly, for Frank was talking to her while Stonor was about the wine, and she thought he was a long time over it. Ten minutes later, they left. Frank's statement further is, that, not long after returning to the street he felt very dizzy, and would have fallen but for Stonor. Then, he says, extreme drowsiness came over him, and he declares he remembers no more until coming to consciousness, about four o'clock this morning, and finding himself in his own bed. The housekeeper says he was brought home by Mr Harrison about eleven o'clock last night in a strange, excited state, though not seeming to be at all sensible. Somehow, she says, it was not like a tipsy man's condition. From Frank I went to Stonor at the bank. His tale tallied exactly with Frank's and Temple's, up to the time of their leaving the house of the latter. He says he was then struck with his cousin's unsteadiness of gait and motion, and, but for his temperate habits, would have concluded he had been drinking. They were at no great distance from his (Stonor's) lodgings, he went on, and with some trouble he got him in there. After a few minutes, however, Frank seemed to be much recovered, and urged on him to go to the theatre, as he had originally intended; while, as for himself, he would remain quiet a little longer, and then go home and to bed. Stonor went on to say he did as Frank suggested and seemed to wish; and on returning about half-past ten, met the latter staggering along in a very excited state in Thomas Street—the very street, you know, that Blaydes' house, where the cheque was found, stands in. One of them lies—that's clear; I wish it may not be both—that they are not in collusion. It would be all up with the poor lad, if it were so.

'Would not inquiry at Blaydes' be useful?' suggested Miss Woodville.

'I thought it might,' replied her visitor; 'and I went; but I might as well have asked the lamp at the door who had been there the night before. "They were not in the habit of publishing abroad who went there. If I wanted to know, I had better come and see. If anything wrong had been done in the house, they supposed a warrant could be got, and they should know what to answer when people asked questions that had a right to ask them." Then there is the L.35 cheque still to be accounted for. I don't mind the money; but that that lad should deceive me so—and poor Mr Fountayne's voice faltered, and he brushed an intrusive tear roughly away. He had got up as if to go away, then sat down again, then walked over to Katie, and took her hand in his. "I am very sorry for you, my dear. He had better go away. I have offered him a post in Australia. Perhaps he may do well, after all. God bless you, my dear! You didn't deserve this." And so he hurried out of the room.

Katie had been very quiet. Mr Fountayne's unwonted tenderness had shaken her self-possession at the last, and his abrupt departure had prevented her saying what was burning to find utterance. Turning to her aunt, as Mr Fountayne was heard

leaving the house, she declared her unhesitating conviction that Frank was most wrongly suspected; and Miss Woodville had no wish to combat her convictions.

While the two ladies were still engaged in arraying all the manly, straightforward traits in Frank's character, all their knowledge and experience of him for years, as so many witnesses to prove his innocence under these grave imputations, a note in his well-known handwriting was brought to Katie. It ran thus—

'DEAREST KATIE—You will have heard all my uncle can tell you. Will you see me before I go?—Always yours,
FRANK FOUNTAYNE.'

The reply was written with eager haste.

'DEAR FRANK—I don't believe a word of it.' Come to me as soon as you can.—Your affectionate KATIE CHALLONER.'

In a very short time after the dispatch of this missive, his step was heard on the stairs; not bounding and joyous, as usual, but slow, and as if weary. Katie was not prepared to see such a haggard face as met her eye, and started in shocked surprise; then her momentary pause gave place to a hasty movement to meet him, and she fairly threw herself into his arms. All her self-control left her now. She sobbed convulsively on his bosom, clinging closer and closer to him. He led her gently to the sofa, and made her sit down by her aunt, kneeling by her side, and clasping her hands in his. 'Never mind, Frank,' she said, when at last she could command her voice sufficiently; 'I don't believe it; nor does my aunt. Don't go, aunt,' seeing Miss Woodville gathering her wools and silks together, as if about to move; 'I want you to hear all I say to him. Don't go to Australia, Frank. Stay here, and trust to time, and to your own noble character and blameless conduct, to clear you. The truth will come out some day. I have enough for us both. And I will be your wife.' Oh, how beautiful she looked in her excitement, as she rose from her seat, still speaking—'I will be your wife—the sooner the better, that they may see I don't think so ill of you.'

It was with some difficulty that Frank succeeded in inducing her to lay enthusiasm on one side, and to listen patiently to what he wished her to hear. He would never consent, he said, that she should bear a stained name. His uncle held him guilty, and would, he knew, continue to do so, until tangible proof to the contrary could be produced; and of course, if he did, others would too. Besides, he owed far too much to Mr Fountayne's well-tryed kindness to act in defiance of his wishes, as he certainly would be doing if he persisted in remaining in Cliff-borough, and absolutely declined the Australian offer—made to him, he verily believed, in entire kindness and anxiety for his prosperity. Nor could he consent to owe all to her, while he still had the power of working in him. He should scorn himself, if he became an idle pensioner on his wife's liberality. He could go to Australia. He *had* purposed, when he asked to be permitted to see her, to set her free from any nominal engagement between them; but after the proofs she had given of noble confidence and generous affection, he would not wrong her so much. He would clear his name; he would win a better one; and then he would come and claim her; and he was sure she would eventually see he was right in this.

After much opposition, this arrangement was agreed to; and presently they began to revert to the incidents of the preceding evening. Frank had no distinct recollection of anything that had taken place from about ten or fifteen minutes after leaving Mr Temple's, until waking in his own bed, between four and five in the morning, with racking temples and

fevered frame. For anything he *knew*, he might have been out, as Stonor said he had; and only in this way could he at all account for the disappearance of the cheques. He missed nothing else out of the pocket-book besides a few memoranda, of no great value even to himself. But it was a strange circumstance, if his pocket-book had been plundered while he was out, that it should have been restored again after the abstraction of the cheques. Part of the distressing phantasms of his troubled night had been connected with these documents. Of course, it was possible that he had abstracted them himself in his more than semi-delirious state; and, if he had been in the streets, might have dropped them for some finder to take into Blaydes', and to drop again there—at least one of them; and that one had the impress of a boot-heel upon it, as if it had been trodden upon in the streets.

The subject was now dismissed; and after the discussion of one or two minor matters connected with his probable prolonged absence, he took his leave, infinitely cheered and revived by the noble confidence of his betrothed. Only one source of anxiety now appeared to be remaining, and this originated in the thought that possibly these distressing seizures, with two of which he had now been attacked, might be due to some hidden constitutional cause, and himself, therefore, liable to a recurrence of them; for if this should be so, he knew he must live without hope of success in any vocation. His last evening at Cliff-borough was, I hardly need say, spent in Katie's society; and her entire trust and confidence, and her thorough appreciation of the motives by which he was influenced in the line of conduct he was adopting, were as cheerily apparent in her every word and suggestion, as if it had been her sole object to manifest it.

Two days after, he sailed, and in due time reached Melbourne and his destination. He was not long, after his arrival, in discovering that it was indeed time for some one really interested in that branch of Fountayne & Co.'s business to be on the spot and energetically at work. Accordingly, he applied himself diligently, and with so much judgment as well as vigour, that before twelve months from the day of his arrival had elapsed, the results of his presence and energy had so tangibly manifested themselves to the firm at home, and his conduct and business qualifications had been so spoken of by their correspondents in the colony, that one fine morning Mr Fountayne was seen seated between Miss Woodville's sofa and Katie's chair, and heard addressing the latter thus: 'My dear young lady, I do hope that, after all, your confidence and disinterestedness are going to be justified. Look at these letters from Messrs Goldbeater of Melbourne, and then at this, which is to be forwarded to him at the desire of the firm. They will give you pleasure.' And they did give her pleasure. The former contained unqualified praises of Frank's whole conduct and measures: the latter, a formal acknowledgment of the services he had rendered, and in circumstances that had required no ordinary judgment and decision.

'Well, perhaps, after all, I may have been a little too hard upon him,' said Mr Fountayne as Katie returned the papers; 'but it was all that scoundrel Stonor, I am sure. If Frank would only have kept him at a distance, he would never have been led or entrapped into that misconduct.'

'Misconduct, Mr Fountayne,' cried Katie, half in earnest, half in playful anger; 'didn't I tell you I would not permit you to use such words before me? And you'll see that I am right, too, some of these days.'

'Well, well, young lady,' he rejoined, 'I forgot. I'll try and remember another time.'

The first thing which had rather shaken Mr Fountayne's conviction as to Frank's guilty participation in the business of the cheques, was the reappearance of the missing one. It had been drawn in favour of a Mr G. D. Smith; and, for his convenience, on Fountayne & Co.'s London agents. About a fortnight after Frank's departure, it had been presented for payment at the London house by a highly respectable draper, with whom Mr Smith, for a length of time past, had had very extensive dealings. Mr Smith's signature had been very cleverly forged at the back, and such ingenious use made of an evidently accurate knowledge of his business and connection with the draper in question, that the latter had taken the cheque as a matter of course, and had even kept it a few days in his possession before sending it to the bank. The most searching inquiry for the person who had passed it ended in nothing. He was described as wearing a large red moustache and beard; the latter particularly thick and bushy; and when making the purchases for which he had paid with the cheque, he had incidentally stated that he was about proceeding to Hobart Town. A person answering the description was traced to the Euston Station, and into the night mail-train; but there all clue was lost. The parties employed in the investigation stated their belief that the person in question had worn a disguise, and had taken his opportunity of dropping it unnoticed on his journey.

Still the result had been of service to Frank, by clearing him of all complicity in the negotiation of the check. Mr Fountayne himself had gone up with him to London, and they had arrived only a few hours before it was necessary for him to be on board; while even these hours had been spent by Frank in company with his uncle.

Our tale must now make a stride over a period of nearly two years and a half. It so chanced, about that time, that a business complication rendered his presence in England almost imperative. He had consequently been recalled, and was expected home in the course of a few weeks; and he would come, moreover, possessed of the entire confidence of Messrs Fountayne & Co. Matters had continued precisely as they were before his departure, at Miss Woodville's; and she was longing, almost as eagerly and hopefully as Katie, for the return of 'her dear boy,' as she had lately taken to call him.

Matters, however, had not remained *in statu quo* with Stonor Harrison. His conduct lately, had become most unsatisfactory, and his visits to Blaydes' notorious; he had given himself up to intemperate courses, and been guilty of so great irregularities as to render his dismissal from the bank inevitable; consequently, though with much reluctance on the part of the principals, he had been informed that his further services would be dispensed with. On receiving his dismissal, he had at once proceeded to his lodgings—which for nearly two years past had been at Mr G. D. Smith's—had packed up his belongings, and had left Cliff-borough within twenty-four hours; it was believed, with the intention of proceeding to Australia.

But leaving mention of his fortunes for the present, we must proceed without loss of time to London. Frank Fountayne has arrived in that city in the course of the morning, a passenger by the good ship *Launceston*. Proceeding, as soon as he had landed, with a portmanteau and carpet-bag only, to a hotel at some little distance from the docks, always used by his uncle when in town on shipping business, and familiar to himself from having more than once been his uncle's companion on such occasions, he has spent some hours, after securing

rooms and ordering dinner, in writing letters, and revising a series of formidable-looking documents. Dinner despatched, he has proceeded to the docks to make arrangements about some part of the ship's freight with which he is concerned, and we see him just returning, and on the point of hailing a cab from a neighbouring stand. At the moment he turned for this purpose, a passer-by, proceeding rapidly in the direction from which he had just come, ran sharply against him, and with a hasty 'I beg your pardon,' was proceeding on his way. Frank's ear was struck by the tone, and looking at the speaker, the light from a lamp under which he was passing enabled him at once to recognise his cousin. 'Stonor, old fellow!' he exclaimed, rejoicing to see a Cliffborough face, 'where do you spring from? How are you?' The voice enabled Stonor to do that which the browned face and magnificent beard of the man who had addressed him would otherwise have made somewhat difficult, and he in his turn recognised Frank. 'Are you very particularly engaged?' asked the latter, after the interchange of greetings. 'Just come with me to the hotel, and let me know the latest from Cliffborough.' Stonor assented, and they drove off in the cab which Frank had called.

Neither of them, however, had noticed a person who had passed them—coming from the direction of the docks—a second or two after Frank's first exclamation, and who had been quietly watching them during their pause in the street. Still less could they observe that, as their cab drove off, this person got into another, and ordered the driver to keep that in which they were seated in sight, and to stop when it drew up to put them down. He was thus enabled to see them go up the steps of the hotel together, and enter. He remained on the watch close by until a policeman came past on his beat, who seemed to recognise him as he gave some whispered instructions, hastily departing the moment after. In the meantime, Frank had ordered coffee, and while he was busy in looking out two or three papers which he thought might be useful or interesting to his cousin, whose intended departure for Australia he had been informed of during their transit in the cab, Stonor was engaged in pouring out the coffee.

Half an hour later, the bell of Frank's room rang violently; and the waiter, hurrying up, saw, as he opened the door, Frank on the floor, apparently lifeless. He was hurriedly desired by Stonor to send or bring immediate help to get the gentleman into his bedroom, and also to despatch a messenger instantly for the nearest doctor. The waiter, hastily informing Stonor that the bedroom was close at hand—the next room but one—helped him to raise Frank and carry him to the bed, and then rushed off for medical assistance.

The moment his back was turned, Stonor might have been seen to take his cousin's keys from his pocket and hastily unlock his portmanteau. A small wooden box of ordinary construction and appearance, but excessively heavy for its size, and a canvas bag, evidently containing money, were at once seized and concealed; and as the sound of approaching steps was heard, the portmanteau was hastily closed, but not locked; there being no time for that.

The master of the hotel came into the room. He knew both Mr Fountayne and Frank very well, as Stonor was aware. Hastily expressing his concern at seeing his cousin so ill, and adding that he had seen him taken in this sudden way once or twice before, Mr Harrison said he would go and hurry the arrival of medical advice, and left the room, and in a few seconds after, the hotel. He took the direction of the docks, and proceeded rapidly on his way. His ship, as he had told Frank, was to sail very early in the morning, and he had to be on board by nine that

evening. Little did he think that every step he took was marked by the policeman, who kept a little in his rear on the other side of the street; that he dogged him to the ship, and remained to see he did not leave it again.

We must now return to Frank. But a very short time elapsed after Stonor's departure before a medical man arrived. He appeared to be a little puzzled at first, but after a few moments had passed, said that if he had seen the patient anywhere but in a respectable house he should have said he had been 'hocussed.' He was in a state of comatose slumber, induced, to all appearance, by a heavy dose of some powerful narcotic. He looked around, but no traces of any such substance were seen in either room. He inquired about the manner of the seizure, and hearing that another gentleman had been with the patient at the time, asked where he was; and on receiving the landlord's answer, shook his head, and said the case was mysterious, and more than that. At this moment, the landlord observed the keys in the lock of the portmanteau, and stooping to secure them, perceived a very small phial lying close to, and partially concealed by, the trunk. Picking it up, he handed it to the doctor at once, who saw directly that it belonged to a homœopathic case, and contained—according to its label—just such a drug as given in a sufficient dose would produce the symptoms exhibited by his patient. Instituting such measures as he deemed most advisable, he eventually succeeded in restoring poor Frank to some sort of consciousness. But the night was mainly spent by him in wretched delirium; and the morning saw him, quite conscious indeed, but wretchedly broken down, and ill.

Nor was the news that greeted him at nine o'clock calculated to have a very soothing influence on his sadly irritable nerves. A canvas bag and a wooden box—the former with his name on it, the latter with his initials—were brought to him by a police-officer. Did he know anything about them? 'Yes, indeed; they were his: the bag contained a hundred and fifty sovereigns, and the box about five pounds of gold-dust. They had been safe in his portmanteau the preceding evening. Who had taken them out?' Then came a history of Stonor's apprehension, overnight, for forgery, and of the discovery of these things in his trunk. The doctor had come in as the officer was making his inquiries, and he had listened to his communication. Producing the phial which had been picked up last night, he asked the officer if he had seen anything of that sort about his prisoner.

'Yes,' replied the man, 'I found this in the pocket of his overcoat, exhibiting a small homœopathic case; and just one phial was wanting to complete its complement.'

'It is tolerably clear now, my dear sir,' said the doctor, turning to Frank, 'how you came into that disagreeable condition last evening. It is not the first time, I should say, that your amiable companion had tried the trick. He must have done it very neatly.'

By noon, Mr Fountayne was seated by his nephew's bedside. On the receipt of the landlord's telegraphic dispatch communicating Frank's alarming seizure, he had posted to the county town, to catch a train which would enable him to reach London some hours sooner than the first morning train from Cliffborough. And in the course of the afternoon, as Frank began to find himself a good deal recovered, his uncle proceeded to give him the following details.

Before Stonor's departure from Cliffborough, he had been seen, while preparing to leave his lodgings, to burn a good many of his papers; while others had simply been torn across and thrown into the waste-paper basket. Among the rest, he had thrown an old blotting-pad into the basket, very much worn and

frayed at the edges and corners, very much reduced in thickness, and certainly not worth keeping. However, the two youngest of Mr Smith's children, when Stonor's late rooms were in course of being put in readiness, some ten days after his vacation of them, to receive another inmate, seemed to be of a different opinion; and there was a little dispute between them whose it should be. Presently, the elder of the two, a little girl of five, who thought much of her proficiency in penmanship because she could both write her own name and read it when written—her initials, by the way, being the same as her father's—seemed to think the question was decided in her favour by the discovery of a small piece of writing-paper, which she had drawn out from between two of the remaining sheets of the pad, and which had the name 'G. D. Smith' written upon it several times. The dispute hereupon became so hot, that Mr Smith interposed. Little Georgiana produced her document, and triumphantly awaited a verdict in her favour. To her father's surprise, he saw his own name, written in his own handwriting, no less than seven times on one quarter of a half-sheet of note-paper. Looking at it again, he doubted if it were his own writing; and closer inspection convinced him it was an imitation. But by whom made? and for what purpose? The former question seemed to be answered by the blotting-pad, but not the latter. He took the pad into his hand, opened it at the part the little girl pointed out as the place she had drawn the paper from, and there found several ink-marks, which seemed to correspond with one or two of the signatures on the paper. Next, proceeding—though sorely to the discomfiture of poor Georgy's pride of possession—to insinuate a paper-knife at this place, and completely to separate the marked sheet, he held it between his eye and the light; and as he did so, one 'G. D. Smith' near the corner, and with a small blot at the end of the flourished line beneath it, instantly caught his eye. He remembered a blot like that well; and seizing his hat, rushed off to the bank in extreme haste. He was well aware that what he wanted had been carefully preserved there, and would be immediately produced at his request. Mr Tuffnell was in his private room. Mr Smith entered and explained his business. The L.35 check was instantly forthcoming, and the forged signature at the back compared with the marks on the blotting-paper. Their identity was unquestionable.

The discovery was at once communicated to Mr Fountayne. Distressed and grieved as he was by the information, he still urged no objection to the judicial investigation which was immediately proposed and determined on.

The next step, clearly, was to trace, if possible, Stonor's movements; but beyond a vague intimation of his purpose to go to Australia, nothing whatever had transpired to give any clue to his whereabouts. But here again the blotting-pad afforded some important information. The two outside sheets having been taken off and examined as the other had been, on one of them was seen part of the address of a letter, of which enough was legible to enable Mr Smith and Mr Tuffnell to identify the designation of a well-known firm in Leadenhall Street, very largely connected with the Australian shipping-trade.

The London police had been promptly communicated with; it so happened that the communication reached them the very day Frank had arrived. Their first step had been to make inquiries at the office of Messrs Hodgson and Butts, the shippers; and a letter from Stonor Harrison, requiring information about ships, dates of sailing, and passage-money, with notes appended of reply forwarded to address given, had been found on the file. The only other information, however, which was obtained here, was that one of

their ships was to sail at an early hour the next morning.

The police agent, therefore, went next to the ship in question; and finding an opportunity of casting his eye over the list of passengers who had taken berths, found among them the name of Harrison. As he was returning from this investigation, to make his report, he was an accidental witness to the *rencontre* between Frank and his cousin; and the sound of the name by which the latter was addressed, taken in connection with the direction in which he was going, at once led the agent to the conclusion that there, most likely, was the very gentleman who was 'wanted.' We have seen how he followed Frank's cab, and set a subordinate in the force on the watch, while he himself went to report to the officer under whose instructions he was acting.

The latter took immediate measures to ascertain the certainty of the circumstances of suspicion, or rather presumption, stated by his emissary. On reaching the hotel, the absence of the policeman left on guard shewed that the object of their solicitude was no longer there. A brief inquiry was made, and then the party proceeded in the direction of the docks. The constable who had seen Stonor safe to the ship, reported him as still on board. No very lengthened inquiry was necessary to assure them that they were on the right scent, and they accordingly proceeded to arrest Mr Harrison. He had offered a desperate resistance, and in the violent scuffle which ensued, was thrown down with such force that his head had been most severely bruised and cut against some part of the ship's furniture. He was completely stunned by the severity of the concussion, and his capture effectually completed.

We may here state, as briefly as we can, that the unhappy young man was found, on surgical examination, to be most seriously injured. On the third day, erysipelas supervened—induced, beyond doubt, by the grievous irregularities he had lately indulged in. For three days, then, he was incessantly raving; after this, for a brief space, consciousness returned, and he became aware that there was no chance of his ultimate recovery.

His uncle had visited him as frequently as prison regulations would permit; and although, on his earlier visits, he had been met with sullen reserve, and once or twice with insolent defiance; yet, afterwards, when the sufferer recognised his weakness, and the hopelessness of his condition, his manner underwent a very great change, and eventually, he was led to confess all his iniquity.

He had hated Frank from the time Mr Fountayne had begun to shew him kindness. He had looked on him as his own successful rival, or rather supplanter; and he had determined to ruin him if he could; but Frank's extremely temperate habits, found proof against repeated trial, had been sadly in his way. Having, however, once heard his cousin make mention of the manner in which he was affected by strong opiates, it occurred to him—more in the way of malicious experiment, he said, than with any set purpose—to drug him. He did so that night, at his own lodgings; and while Frank was lying insensible, under the influence of the drug, he had himself gone to Blaydes', putting on his cousin's cap and overcoat, which was a rather peculiar one, as he went out for the purpose. He was there seen by Mr Turner, whose mistake as to the person had been a contingency he could not have reckoned on, but which worked better in the direction he desired than almost any plan he could have possibly arranged and executed himself.

After the success of his first experiment, he always carried the means for his nefarious schemes with him, to be used as opportunity offered, for he

did not wish to repeat the attempt at his own rooms; and he could not, of course, at Frank's, since he never went near his uncle's residence. His special object, on this occasion, had been to obtain possession of the cheques, which his cousin had told him he was just proceeding to deliver to the persons for whom they were intended. Having accomplished this, he had succeeded in 'dropping' one of them in the billiard-room, and getting it 'found' the moment he was gone by the person who, the next morning, took it to the bank, and who had received a guinea for acting the part he did in the transaction. The other cheque he had passed himself, with the assistance of a false beard, and his intimate acquaintance with Smith and his business.

A few hours after this confession, and attempts at restoration, had been made, Stonor Harrison lay dead.

All Frank's business in town had been completed by the evening of the day on which Stonor's case had assumed so serious a complexion. Much as his heart yearned to be at Cliffborough, and for the moment in which he should present himself, cleared of all suspicion, before Katie Challoner, he was still unwilling to leave his uncle, and especially under such circumstances; and so he waited, and had his reward in the formal absolution pronounced by his cousin's confession.

We need not describe the journey down, nor the meeting with Miss Woodville and Katie. There was scarcely a cloud to interfere with the fair happiness of any one of the party; and it must suffice to say that Frank found Katie quite unaltered in her devotion to him; that she did, before long, go to the parish church in company with him, although not, as she had once proposed, in defiance of public opinion in general, and Mr Fountayne's in particular; that one month before this, he had become a junior partner in the flourishing firm of Fountayne & Co.; that he has since passed through joy and through sorrow, and has found his wife equally precious, equally necessary in both; that he has—to say nothing of a Reginald, a Bessie Woodville, and a Jamie—a younger Katie growing up at his side, much what the elder Katie was when she was of the same age; and that all men at Cliffborough, and elsewhere, who know him and his wife, are of one mind in thinking that they well deserve their prosperity.

THE PROVINCIAL IN LONDON.

To a provincial, much engaged in public as well as private business in his own place, there is both repose and refreshment in a week of London. The notelessness and solitude into which he passes, gives a relief beyond all description. It was the second week of June when I spent in London on this occasion, and a hot and dusty one it was. That unamiable crop, the turnips, which won't thrive in weather agreeable to the public, were said not to be growing at all. The hay was to be a short crop. There was a talk of bad exhalations from the Thames, and F. O. W. was probably in hopes of a black fever breaking out in the House of Commons, in order to create a conviction in favour of improved sewerage. Still, the parks, the gardens, and surrounding country, seemed in fine leafy condition, and nobody spoke of the heat as oppressive.

Three or four days of hard debating during this week settled the fate of the Derby administration, after a miraculous existence of fifteen months. What a pleasant, easy-going machine is the British constitution! That night when the question was to be settled whether the Queen's immediate advisers were to be removed from her side or not, I found her majesty and her right worthy consort enjoying, like myself, a few hours of intense fun in the Olympic

Theatre. Royal personages at English theatres usually sit demurely screened, or half-screened, behind curtains; but the humours of the unparalleled Robson were too much for court refinements, and I now and then observed the royal pair leaning over to follow the wonderful little man about the stage, apparently quite fascinated by his drollery. What a genius, by the way, is Robson! He acted on this occasion as a poor porter and as a pickpocket. The humour, simplicity, and pathos of the first character, and the utter burlesque of the second, were astonishing. In forty years, I have seen nothing on the stage equal to it. He is altogether such a performer as I would conceive Tarleton to have been—the favourite of the London audiences of the time of Elizabeth, and whose mere mode of progression as he beat a little drum was enough to throw thousands into convulsions of merriment. I repeatedly observed the other actors at a loss to maintain their countenances while playing up to him.

The only other theatre I was able to visit was the Adelphi, where I found excellent acting by Mr and Mrs Wigan and others, and had occasion to feel most thoroughly pleased with certain new arrangements for the benefit of the audience. Heretofore, in London, a provincial like myself always felt that going to a theatre was the pursuit of pleasure under difficulties. If a seat was to be engaged, a fee forming 20 per cent. on the ticket had to be paid. I had to bribe my way through uncivil officials into a seat where I was cramped for want of room, and made miserable by heat and want of air. The Adelphi, as now remodelled, proceeds on an entirely new principle—namely, that it is well and fitting to facilitate a person's access to the theatre, to treat him civilly, and to make him as comfortable as possible. Audience comes away happy, and desirous of returning, instead of soured and disgusted. All praise to the sagacity and good feeling which have suggested and carried out this improvement, and may the example be followed.

The approaching close of the management of the Princess's Theatre, and final retirement of Mr Charles Kean from the stage, formed one of the topics of the day, and arrangements were making for giving him a suitable testimonial. Every one seems to feel that the merits of Mr Kean as an actor and manager, and his exemplary conduct in a trying position in life, well entitle him to such a public tribute. Remembering his father at his first outburst on the greater theatres, I cannot but feel a regret at the name now making its exit from the stage, in all probability for ever. Mr, and, I must in fairness add, Mrs Charles Kean, may be assured of a high place in the history of the English stage. Altogether, irrespective of their strictly professional merits, they have done an original thing, created a new pleasure—call it what you will—in putting those great historical tableaux of Macbeth, and Henry VIII., and Pericles, before our eyes and understandings.

I spent a morning in the Royal Academy's Exhibition, and was, on the whole, but moderately pleased. There is, no doubt, much good work, and there are some fine pictures; but the mediocre and the erroneous sadly predominate. A Gothic interior by Roberts, a sea-piece by Stanfield, a touch of lively Spanish life by Phillip, a life-breathing portrait by Gordon or Grant, can never fail to give pleasure; and there they are. One picture of familiar life, by Faed, is, in a modest way, most felicitous; it depicts a decent Scotch family spending their Sunday in the Backwoods—one engaged in reading the Bible to the rest—a grown daughter ill, and an object of care: the whole suggesting the pensive, dreamy recollection of a distant and never-again-to-be-seen home. This small but finely executed picture makes the chest

collapse and the eyes well out by its touching natural sentiment. But how much of tolerable work is there in this exhibition as good as thrown away, from the infelicity of the choice of subject, and how positively offensive is this ghastly eccentricity of pre-Raphaelism, which seems to have taken out a commission for overdoing the trivial and canonising the ugly. Think of the folly of painting an orchard in its every individual blossom, distributing a few girls of unheard-of plainness in meaningless attitudes over the ground, and calling the whole a picture!

The difficulties of the London streets seem as great as ever. I had actually to wait ten minutes one day before I could get across Regent Street to make a call at a shop. There were five lines of carriages on the *pavé* at the time, moving different ways, and it was only by dodging into one line, passing into another when a break occurred, and so on to a third, that one could make one's way through. It will come ere long to wire-bridges at the crossings, if there be not some relief for the present great thoroughfares. An example of what promise to be new and pleasant features of the streets, pleased me much. I refer to the public drinking-fountain recently erected at the corner of St Sepulchre's churchyard in Newgate Street. A tiny rill continually flows; and during the quarter of an hour I stood looking on, it was never left more than an instant unused, there being an incessant stream of drinkers, wholly of the industrial classes. A thermometer and barometer inserted in the fabric, behind stout glass, gives an air of civilisation to this new institution.

Another new institution of London is the starting of a select band of maimed soldiers as *commissionaires* or guides. There is an affecting interest in seeing the medals on the breasts of these worthy fellows, and contrasting their alert and active appearance with the mutilations which have in a manner rated them as old while still young. I sincerely hope they will thrive in their new vocation. Speaking of them brings me to advert to what is called the Victoria Cross Gallery in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. I spent half a morning in looking over this peculiar exhibition, which consists of a series of pictures by Mr Desanges, representing special feats of gallantry in the recent Russian and Indian wars, by which individuals had won the Victoria Cross. The artist, till recently known only as a first-rate painter of ladies' portraits, has here entered on a new field of exertion, and perhaps he will yet be able to give his work a higher finish. Meanwhile, we have faithful portraiture from sittings of the actual heroes, and a careful study of all the accessories of the various scenes, joined to great vividness of general effect. We have the strippling officer coolly putting his young life into the greatest jeopardy; his senior calmly entering the mouth of Destruction, as it were, with his eye-glass in his eye; the gallant private or corporal risking his own life to bring away a favourite wounded officer; the doctor quietly dressing wounds under fire of the enemy: in short, nearly every conceivable form of heroism. One of the pleasantest to look upon is young Lieutenant Hewett's repulse of a sortie of the Russians at Sebastopol with a single gun which he had been ordered to abandon. The immediate consequence to himself is related in the catalogue. "His commanding officer thus interrogated him: "Mr Hewett, were you not ordered to spike the gun and retreat?" "I was, sir." "And you chose to disregard the order and fight the gun?" "I did, sir; but I am sorry if"— "Well, then, you are promoted."

Chancing to pass down Regent Street one day in a cab, I came up alongside of a funeral procession, following a car on which lay a coffin covered by a heraldically decorated pall. It proved to be the

second interment of the gallant Sir Thomas Picton, who fell at Waterloo. He had been inhumed at the time with little ceremony in the plain and uninteresting cemetery of St George's parish on the Oxford Road, and now, at the distance of forty-four years, he was to get a more fitting hero's tomb in St Paul's Cathedral. Remembering as a dream of boyhood the story of his death read from the official dispatches in the newspapers, I felt it as a strange thing to be present at the final disposal of his remains. Strange, too, to see what might be called a stream of historical sentiment making its way through the common-place details of that busy London street. Among the carriages following was a royal one; but it was only an empty show. Far more interesting to me were the vehicles conveying Sir Thomas's veteran brother-officers—hale old gentlemen most of them appeared to be, but one of them so very old that he seemed sunk in the repose of a second childhood. Waterloo officers, who enjoyed any considerable rank at the time, must soon necessarily become lions from their rarity. Yet, rather oddly, there still survives, and in unabated vigour, one of those who were heads of departments on that occasion, namely, Sir James Grant; his department being the *medical*.

The rifle-corps-forming movement, evoked by the Italian war, although promoted by various influences, including the natural love of every young man for 'a gun,' did not seem to be making much way in the metropolis. I suspect it must be some more imminent danger which will induce men to break up their industrial pursuits in order to become quasi-soldiers. To suspect the French emperor the very year after he might have assailed us in a nearly defenceless position, and *didn't*, of going round about by Lombardy, through half a million of Austrians, in order to attack us, is a piece of goosery which could not well become national. There were, however, plenty of people in London who have such an opinion of him, in consequence of his antecedents, as to believe that he contemplates objects of pure personal aggrandisement in the present war. I do not wonder at this, but I do not join in it. To free Italy from that tyrant power under which it groans, and to leave it in a condition of independence, would make Louis Napoleon a greater man than his uncle; and I think he has too much sense to prefer a meaner result. How strange, by the way, that any considerable number of people amongst us should have sympathies with those Austrians, who have only been known in history as tyrants over innocent neighbouring nationalities, and destroyers of religious freedom! Strange that men should thrill at the stories of Morgarten and Sempach, or groan over the tale of the sack of Magdeburg, who will yet hear without emotion of the frantic joy of the people of Milan when Magenta cleared their streets of the myrmidons of Francis Joseph.

HOP VILLA.

I HAD not seen Luke Swinton for thirty years; and so long ago we were class-mates and sworn chums. In the interim, I had been knocked about, the very shuttlecock of fortune, until at last the capricious dame gave me the means of coming home—that is, to England—with the prospect of ending my days there. I said I had not seen Luke Swinton for thirty years, and yet when he and I accidentally jostled each other 'on Change,' soon after my arrival, there was enough of the old face left for me to recognise it. 'You are Luke Swinton,' I said, and held out my hand.

'And you are'—He looked inquiringly, and his palm, slowly extended, touched mine with a doubtful clasp, till I filled up the sentence:

'James Ashburton.'

No want of cordiality when those words fell on his ear. 'To think I did not know you,' said he. 'But thirty years make many changes, and yours has been a roving life, by all accounts. You shall tell me everything by and by.'

I shook my head. 'Mine would be too long a story in detail; but you may fill it up from the outline. I went away poor; I have not returned rich, though with enough to supply a bachelor's wants.'

'I am sorry you are a bachelor, my dear fellow,' said my old mate, eyeing me compassionately. 'But there is a bright side to everything; and you can go home with me to dinner without its being necessary to ask permission; moreover, you can give orders for your baggage to be forwarded to Hop Villa—my little place out of town—without fear that your other half will lodge a detainee. Depend on it, I shall not soon part with you.'

'And can you really give such an invitation without the cognizance of the lady that owns you? O happy Benedict!' continued I, laughing; 'tell me where I may find such a partner, and I will forthwith join your fraternity.'

'Don't talk rashly, James; but rather make all the preparations you need for a long visit, and join me two hours hence.'

He named the place of meeting. Both were punctual, and we duly arrived at Hop Villa.

I did not expect to see such a lovely domain as that which called my old friend master, and its extent as far exceeded my anticipations as did its beauty. 'So this is your home?' I asked, my face expressing both surprise and pleasure.

'Yes, all is really mine these boundaries enclose. I see you wonder how it came to be so; but I do not like to begin a long story before dinner, so be patient a while longer.'

We were near the house when we came upon the gardener, who was examining the withered remains of an old hop-vine.

'Is it quite dead, Scott?' asked my friend.

'Quite, sir. Shall I remove it?'

'I suppose you must; but I feel sorry to give the order. Remember, you procure and plant another in its place immediately. I must not have Hop Villa without one vine.'

'I have been wondering,' said I, 'what induced you to give this charming place the name it bears—if, indeed, you acted as its sponsor.'

'Ah! thereby hangs a—or rather the—tale; but wait till after dinner.'

I must say I felt very forlorn, in comparison with my friend, when I saw the joyous greetings he received from a handsome matron, and half-a-dozen boys and girls, varying in age from six to eighteen. In spite of his mock-lugubrious expression of face, when he informed me that these formed only a portion of his 'responsibilities,' for one olive branch was at college, and the youngest tendrils of his household vine would come in with the desert, one might see that his home deserved the name. It was pleasant to receive a sort of reflected edition of all their cordiality, and I felt my heart warm in return, though I knew their welcome was for Luke's sake, not from personal friendship towards me.

'Scott is just grubbing up the old hop-vine, Nelly,' said my friend to his wife.

This remark called forth quite a chorus of regretful expressions, and made me ask for information as to the cause of such universal interest.

'Patience, James,' said Swinton; and 'Dinner,' said a servant at the same moment; so I was fain to marshal my hostess to the dining-room, and endure uncomplainingly several jocose remarks on the subject of 'hops,' which were evidently generally

understood, though I could not comprehend their meaning.

Much as I admired my host's charming family, I felt glad when he and I had the dining-room to ourselves, with a prospect of an unrestrained chat.

'My wife was a very fall-in-love-with-able person, seven-and-twenty years ago,' said Luke, after the door had closed upon that lady.

'You need not tell me what she was, old fellow,' I replied: 'she is charming still; and I would soon let her know my opinion, if she were a widow.'

'Thank you. I have no wish to test your sincerity in the mode you so feelingly hint at. But take my word for it, in those bygone days, Nelly would have been bad to match. I was intended for the church, as you are aware, and went to college with that profession in view; but during my very first vacation, I met Nelly at a Christmas-party, and she changed everything.'

'Did Nelly object to parsons, then?'

'No; but her father did. The old man was very rich, and had amassed his wealth by trade; so he was determined to have a merchant, and no other, for a son-in-law. Nelly was dutiful—though she owned her regard for me—and would enter into no engagement unsanctioned by her father. So the end of it was, that I never went back to Cambridge, but entered the old merchant's office as a clerk.'

'Very chivalrous, I am sure; but I presume you would have resigned crowns as well as a mitre—in perspective—to win Nelly.'

'Say as you will, it requires some self-denial to give up such fair prospects as I had, and take to plodding and quill-driving with no very definite notions of any reward. Old Stanley—Nelly's father—would only say that, if through my own unaided efforts, I should win a good position in the mercantile world, he would not refuse me when I asked for his daughter. In the meanwhile, I was allowed free communication with my beloved, and we were both young enough to wait a few years; for I was only twenty when we first met, and she was twelve months younger.'

'For three years, I toiled like a galley-slave in my new vocation. Old Stanley smiled approvingly, and advanced me fairly enough; but still there was an awful hill to climb before I should dare to say a word about claiming Nelly, or, indeed, before circumstances would permit me to marry without pecuniary aid from her father. My whole capital amounted to £3000; it was a legacy from a maiden aunt of mine; and many times during these three probationary years had I been tempted to speculate with it, in the hope of taking fortune by storm, as it were, instead of winning it bit by bit.'

'I cannot fancy you a speculator, Luke,' said I, 'though I always considered you a particularly wide-awake individual. Do you remember your school nick-name, "All Eyes?"'

'To be sure I do; and I deserved it. Still, as you say, I am not naturally speculative. I make the most of things in a regular way of business, but run no needless risks. Above all, I hold that he who endangers a pound more than he actually possesses, commits a breach of the command, "Thou shalt not steal." Yet I have speculated desperately; and it is of my one gambling transaction I am going to speak. I had made such satisfactory progress under old Stanley's tuition, that at length he proposed I should invest my little capital, and become his partner to the amount I have named above. Well do I remember leaving home on the morning of the day on which he made this proposition. As I passed through the gate which led into the little shrubbery—you recollect the place, James, for you spent many a jovial day at our house when we were lads—I was attracted by the

beautiful appearance of a hop-vine which twined lightly round a sapling hard by. I had watched its growth, and now, as its flowers trembled in the soft wind, I paused to admire it before I passed on my way. Before I returned in the evening, I had made arrangements for becoming a partner in the great house of Stanley & Co., and my little capital was, I may say, in my hands ready to re-invest.

'Any person would suppose that, under such circumstances, I should be too much absorbed in meditating on my commercial prospects to notice small external objects. But such was not the case. As usual, I was "all eyes;" and when I reached the little shrubbery-gate, I noticed that the plant which, in the morning, looked so beautiful, was now shrunken, and appeared as though scorched and withered. Curious to know the cause, I went immediately to the library, and took down a work which would, I thought, enlighten me. In it I found a description of what is termed the "hop-blight;" and on comparing my own small experience with it, I could scarcely doubt that my favourite plant had been thus suddenly struck with the disease. Still, I was not quite satisfied; so I consulted the gardener, who happened to be at work on the lawn. He shook his head when he saw the vine. "It is the blight, sure enough," said he. "Very few hops will there be this year. It comes in this way, and covers a great extent of country all at once, just as though a flame had passed over it."

"Then, you think," said I, "the crop will be spoiled?"

"Not a bit of doubt of that, sir."

"That will do; thank you. I felt anxious to know what had spoiled my vine so suddenly."

'The man returned to his work, and I, never waiting for dinner, hurried back to town, to purchase every pocket of hops I could lay hold on. It was a desperate game, for I risked every farthing I possessed, *but no more*. Hops were then particularly cheap, for the preceding year had been one of remarkable plenty, and a few hours before I began to buy there was as good a prospect for the coming season. Thanks to my being "all eyes," I was first in the field. I made no confidant—I did not even tell Nelly what I was doing. When old Stanley alluded to the partnership, I quietly requested permission to re-consider the matter. His face told that he deemed me a fool, for his offer was certainly a thing to jump at, and he informed Nelly in my presence, and with a perceptible sneer, that I was considering whether a partnership with him would or would not be advisable. The dear girl herself seemed almost hurt about it; but I whispered to her that she must trust me entirely, and she said no more. Nelly had wonderful faith in my infallibility *then*.' It would have been a great comfort to me to tell her all about that venture of mine, for I grew quite haggard with keeping it to myself. And how I watched that solitary plant! If I saw the least signs of amendment in its appearance, I trembled; and the more the leaves drooped, the more did my spirits rise. I was like a fellow by the sick-bed of one from whom he expects a rich legacy. You see I embarked not only my cash, but all my future prospects in this one venture. If I lost the money, I knew I should be sure to lose Nelly also. The successful speculator is fêted as a shrewd man, and his fellows talk of his talent for business; the unlucky one is stigmatised as a gambler and a madman.

'But my anxieties did not last long. The certainty of a failure in the crop of hops became known, and there was an outcry in the market. Nobody knew where all the hops were gone to. The brewers, calculating on diminished prices, had but few in hand when the blight came, and now they eagerly sought to increase their stock. You will guess how I held back, and then sent in my precious commodity in

small quantities, and how my capital was quadrupled by the transaction.'

'I see it all now,' interrupted I; 'you'—

'Stop, and let me finish. Don't be rude, and spoil my story: it is nearly done. When I had parted with my last parcel of hops, and found myself the possessor of twelve instead of three thousand pounds, I marched boldly into old Stanley's office. "I want to speak to you about the partnership you were good enough to propose," said I.

"So you think of trusting your fortune in the concern?"

"I took no notice of the implied taunt, but merely answered: "Not exactly the amount at first proposed." I quite enjoyed the misunderstanding, for I saw he thought I only wished to venture a part of my cash, since he told me very coldly I had better retain the whole, as he should object to having anything to do with such a very trifling matter.

"You are under a mistake, Mr Stanley," I answered. "I wish to add a larger, not a smaller, amount to the capital of the firm. I have nine thousand pounds, the result of my first mercantile venture, to add to the three I possessed a short time back;" and then I told him all. I wish you could have seen the old fellow's face. It was not the money he cared for, after all, but the fact of my having proved myself wide awake. He said—and he could not imagine a greater compliment—"Swinton, you deserve to be my son-in-law." I went home with him that day, and after dinner, when Nelly—she had no mother—was going to withdraw, he said: "Take Swinton with you, and fix the wedding-day." And so she did, like a dear, dutiful daughter, as she always was. Old Stanley behaved very handsomely. This pretty home of ours was his wedding-present, and cost more than all my fortune. I need not say now why it is called Hop Villa; and when I tell you that the old vine we lamented the death of, to-day, is a veritable acion of the one which laid the foundation of my happiness, you will not wonder at our regret at losing it.'

'Just one question more before we join the ladies, Swinton. Was this your only gambling transaction?'

'Really and truly, yes. Remember, I ran the risk of losing money to win a home and a bride; and having gained *these*, would I endanger them for money only, think you?'

'True; you need not enlarge upon it. Now, let us go to the mistress of Hop Villa.'

SHADOWS IN A NEW LIGHT.

It is a remark of frequent occurrence, that this—the nineteenth century—is pre-eminently a century of inventions. It is interesting to witness, also, if any new invention be announced, what a vast number of novel applications are made of it, never contemplated by the inventor, and very frequently of such a character as seriously to obscure the merit of the original idea.

Take, for instance, the Electric Telegraph. The grand principle upon which both time and space may be annihilated, is no sooner announced, than in quick succession we hear of electric, magnetic, electro-magnetic, magneto-electric, needle, clock, signal, copying, writing, dotting, and almost every other description of telegraph. An eminent chemist discovers the chemical effects of rays of light upon highly sensitive preparations of nitrate of silver, and from this there springs up Photography, under the various guises of Daguerreotype, Talbotype, collodion (with both wet nurses and dry), albumen, wax-paper, and half-a-dozen other processes. Somebody (we forbear to raise another angry discussion by saying who), a short time ago invented that very

interesting instrument the stereoscope, and already we have reflecting, refracting, and prismatic varieties.

Of all modern inventions, however, the progress which Photography has made is without parallel. It seems but yesterday that we were startled by the announcement that by means of the sun a correct chart—we do not call them likenesses—of the human face divine could be executed in about two seconds. When people found that they could thus be immortalised, almost before they could pronounce their own names, half the world rushed to be 'taken off'; and, in truth, the other half speedily prepared to be their executioners. Since that time, the progress of photography has been rapid and unchecked. It is becoming a truly ubiquitous agent, to the uses and applications of which there seems to be absolutely no limit. It is equally at home in portraying the savage grandeur of 'rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,' as in depicting the rippling lake reposing softly in the bosom of the valley at their feet. Nothing comes amiss to it. Mountains and valleys, clouds and sunshine, hills and dales, fields and forests, houses and streets, cathedrals and mosques, ancient monuments and modern palaces, statues and pictures, spots upon the sun, mountains in the moon, telescopic discs of planets, microscopic marvels in animal and vegetable structures, weeds and rocks at the bottom of the sea—there is nothing, in short, that may not be subject to it, and in all it tells us more about the object than a volume of written description. It may truly, therefore, be said to be an agency whose value no man can appraise; and rapid as its progress has been, it is yet but in its infancy, as every month brings to light some new feature, some further step in advance. We propose, in the present article, to give a brief description of an application of this marvellous agency, as interesting and as beautiful as anything connected with photography, and, in an educational point of view, as important as anything which has preceded it—we allude to the exhibition of what are technically termed 'Illuminated Photographs,' or the exhibition of photographs as 'dissolving views.'

When we state that it is possible to exhibit photographs to a large number of spectators at one time, of the extraordinary dimensions of 20 feet in diameter, or covering 400 square feet of surface, brilliantly illuminated, bringing into distinct relief the most delicate and minute details of the photograph, and oftentimes accompanied with such a 'stereoscopic effect' as to be absolutely startling in its illusion, we dare say that we shall excite the surprise, if not the incredulity of many. In order, however, not to tax their faith too heavily, we may state that last winter an exhibition of this nature was given at the Manchester Mechanics' Institution 120 times successively; that crowded audiences assembled on every occasion to witness it, and that, besides affording an immense amount of gratification and instruction during the whole of the winter season, it enriched the funds of that thriving institution, small as was the charge for admission, to the amount of (we speak from memory) some seven or eight hundred pounds.

The mode in which this exhibition is accomplished is briefly as follows: The photographs intended to be exhibited are taken on glass, and are from two and a half to three inches diameter each. They require to be taken with the utmost care, as, unless they are absolutely perfect in all their details, the enormous extent to which they are magnified brings out any imperfection which may exist into most unpleasant prominence.

Perfect photographs being obtained, they are placed behind the condensing lenses of the oxy-hydrogen lantern, when the powerful rays of the oxy-hydrogen

lime light—created, as every scientific reader knows, by a ball of lime in a state of intense ignition under the action of mixed oxygen and hydrogen gases—are condensed, as the name implies, by the lenses, upon the photographs, and are then projected, by means of object-glasses, upon a carefully whitened opaque disc, upon which the photograph may be shewn of any size, from twelve to twenty-four feet in diameter. We may add, further, that it is best to use two lanterns, and shew the photographs as ‘dissolving views,’ by which, as will be seen presently, some most beautiful effects are produced. The advantages of this mode of exhibition are obvious. In the first place, as every feature of a landscape or building is accurately portrayed in a perfect photograph, although of but three inches diameter, yet many of the details, on account of their extreme minuteness, are lost to us.* We can easily understand, then, that as the photograph is enlarged, these details are more distinctly brought out; and, therefore, the more we enlarge a photograph—provided it be a good one, to begin with—the more nearly do we approach the truthfulness and reality of nature, and therefore the more interesting and striking it becomes. We need scarcely say that a photograph of some twenty feet in diameter bears an important proportion to the landscape or piece of architecture it represents; whilst, in the case of sculpture, which could never have been exhibited but by this process, the full dimensions of the originals may be obtained, and indeed, if necessary, greatly exceeded.

Another advantage of this mode of exhibiting photographs is, that they may be exhibited before large audiences at the same time. What a powerful auxiliary, then, may not this be destined to become in the business of education! What is more calculated to excite and keep awake the attention, even of the most uninformed, than a true transcript of nature, a faithful picture, which ‘nothing extenuates, nor sets down aught in malice,’ with every feature brought out into the most distinct and vivid relief by the powerful rays of the oxy-hydrogen lime light. In some of the pictures, this fidelity and distinctness were exemplified in the most striking manner.

Those of our readers residing around Manchester who have seen the ‘Library of the Louvre,’ the ‘Exterior of the Picture-gallery, Florence,’ the ‘Cloisters of the Church of St Paul at Rome,’ will not soon forget the impression produced by the marvellous fidelity and clearness with which every architectural detail was reproduced, from the delicately carved enrichments around the doors, windows, and pillars, down to the very chisel-marks upon the unpolished stone-work; whilst the wonderful perspective which was obtained, presenting all the effect of the stereoscope without its littleness, the *solidity* and *reality* which characterised some of the photographs would almost make us doubt whether the instrument which produced these wonderful effects was not a resuscitated Aladdin’s Lamp, which, as in days of old, had brought bodily before our eyes the very building; of which, in truth, a picture only was presented to us, but one, the marvellous truthfulness of which was owing to a light far more potent than that which lit up the dingy old lamp of Aladdin—the light of science.

The exhibition of these photographs as dissolving views adds wonderfully to their beauty and interest. In one series of three views of the ‘Campo Santo’ at Milan, as the pictures succeeded each other, one gradually fading away while the other gathered form and solidity as it approached from the dim distance, a play of light and shade was produced when the pictures mingled together on the screen—caused by the apparently interminable array of vanishing pillars, and the varied tracery, and arches, apparently

trembling and struggling for existence—that was almost magical in its effect.

Unquestionably, however, the most important use which has yet been made of this new process, was the exhibition, through the whole of last winter, at the Manchester Mechanics’ Institution, of Mr Frith’s series of Egyptian photographs. Then for the first time since time was, were the busy multitudes of a large manufacturing district placed face to face with those stupendous monuments, which, for ages past, have reared their everlasting forms on the plains of Upper and Lower Egypt; then for the first time were they made acquainted with the mighty works of the Pharaohs, which have imparted such a weird interest to the solemn old Nile; then, in a word, were they made to feel the *reality* of those words which, from their youth upwards, they had read in their Bible, but the full significance of which they had never before felt.

The most remarkable feature of this series of pictures was the *solidity* and *reality* with which they were invested—which were almost sufficient to cheat the beholder into the belief that, by some optical glamour, he was transported bodily to the mystical banks of the Nile. Now, it is the Great Sphinx staring at him with its stony eyes, with the pyramid of El-Gezeh in the background, laden with the traditions of many ages. Gradually the scene changes; the mountain of masonry recedes from the view, and as it becomes more faint and shadowy, the spectator finds himself in the desert; in the distance is the great pylon of the temple of Luxor, before which are the half-buried and mutilated colossi which in ancient days guarded the approach to the temple. Again a change, and stretched before the spectator are the plains of Upper Egypt, whilst face to face with him are the two stupendous colossal statues of Memnon, gazing at him with those same stony eyes with which, all unmoved, they have witnessed the crumbling of so many empires and the change of so many faiths. Need we say that such pictures as these, presented before large masses of people, and accompanied with a plain but ample verbal description, could not be otherwise than deeply interesting and instructive. Most of us are familiar with these scenes, through the medium of David Roberts’s paintings; but whilst we willingly pay them the tribute of our admiration, gratefully remembering the pleasant hours we have spent in studying them, we must admit that they fall short of producing the interest and effect which result from photographs of the same scenes shewn in this manner. Equally beautiful and effective with the exhibition just described is that of sculpture, by this process; indeed, if anything, sculpture is seen to greater advantage even than architectural works. It is a portion of the exhibition, which promises to play a highly important part in diffusing amongst the people an increased knowledge and appreciation of this department of the fine arts; and we see no reason why paintings and engravings may not be photographed and exhibited in the same way, thus placing a gallery of art within the reach of every mechanics’ institution in the country. In exhibiting sculpture, a much more effective result is obtained by first throwing upon the screen, with the spare lantern, a disc of blue light. The statue is then exhibited faintly illuminated, just dimly discernible in the distance. Gradually, as the light is increased, the figure seems to gather form, distinctness, and solidity; the disc of blue light slowly dissolves away, until at last nothing is visible but an apparently solid marble figure, which exhibits not only the full proportions and perfect form, but the *roundness* and *solidity* of the original marble; and whilst everything around is involved in darkness, the surface of the marble seems absolutely to glisten

with rays of brilliant light. The longer the object is looked at, the stronger does the illusion become, until at last we have a difficulty almost in persuading ourselves that it is not a solid marble statue we are looking at, but merely an exquisite creation of light and shade. Take, for instance, the following appearance of Schlottauer's justly celebrated production, the 'Munich Madonna,' perhaps the best adapted for this peculiar process, of any piece of sculpture which has yet been photographed. A form of chaste and unaffected simplicity and beauty, clad in white drapery, falling to the feet in graceful and classical folds, the hands meekly crossed upon the bosom, the countenance radiant with peaceful and devout expression, crowned as Queen of Heaven, and trampling the serpent—the emblem of Sin—under her feet, is first faintly discernible in the distance. As it gradually grows in distinctness, it appears to approach the spectator, invested with an indescribable and mysterious beauty, imparted to it by the blue medium in which it is enshrined. Slowly the ethereal halo melts away, leaving us in the presence of a form no longer shadowy or indistinct, but one whose supernatural and spiritual beauty seems chiseled in solid marble. A feeling almost of awe falls upon the spectator, and amidst the deep silence, notes of solemn music are heard—for so is the exhibition managed—the halo of blue again descends, and surrounds the statue; its form imperceptibly becomes fainter, its beauty more shadowy and ethereal; the blue radiance becomes more intense; and as the solemn cadence dies away, the last glimpse of the beautiful vision melts from our gaze in a flood of ethereal light. The audience, no longer spell-bound, give utterance to those feelings which this exhibition of the Munich Madonna never fails to awaken in all who witness it—in the rudest and most uninformed, as well as in the most cultivated and refined—showing that there are touches of nature which 'make the whole world kin.' The statue of Madame Malibran, and, indeed, several others, form equally beautiful and effective objects, when thus exhibited. We have said sufficient, however, to indicate the character, and shew the importance of this new application of photography. We repeat, as an educational agency, as a means of illustration for lectures, it will be invaluable. A few months ago, we saw in the *Athenæum* that Professor C. Piazzi Smyth employed it to exhibit his interesting series of photographs taken on Tenerife. Another gentleman we know—a large employer of labour, and deeply interested in the education of the working-classes—has fitted up apparatus for exhibiting photographs by this process in the mechanics' institution established by his work-people, thereby securing for them an unfailing source of interest and instruction. Several large towns have lately taken advantage of the invention, and it is hoped that this notice will make its merits still more widely known and appreciated.

It only remains to mention the names of three parties who have been chiefly instrumental in bringing this application of photography to its present state, and to whom the thanks of all who derive either pleasure or advantage from it are due; namely, Mr Hutchings, the talented secretary of the Manchester Mechanics' Institution, who was one of the first to perceive, and, by his adopting it, to prove its value, in an educational point of view; Mr Dancer, the eminent optician of Manchester, the only maker of apparatus specially adapted to this peculiar exhibition, and who unites to his well-known skill as a maker of scientific apparatus, a love for the sciences which he helps to foster; and Messrs Negretti and Zambra of London, the photographers to the Crystal Palace Company, and the spirited

publishers of Mr Frith's Egyptian and Holy Land photographs, who have, at great pains and expense, carefully prepared a large series of photographs, specially for exhibition by this process.

LIFE IN THE RANKS.

If a number of Individual Biographies could make up a History of a Class, we should be in no want of record of Life in the Ranks of the British Army; for from the days of William Cobbett and John Shipp, down to the present time, there has been an almost unceasing flow of them from the Fount of Type. The object of those works, however, almost all of which have been *autobiographical*—namely, to exhibit the peculiarities of the persons of whom they treat, in order to thereby establish their claim upon public notice, and not to shew us how the common soldier commonly lives. Nay, if a volume should be written with that express intention, it would probably be as dull as an order-book, and only succeed in strengthening the generally received but false opinion, that soldiers lead a stupid and quite methodical existence, destitute of incident, except in times of war.

Quarter-master Connolly, of the Engineers, has been the first to introduce us, in his present volumes,* to the real 'interiors' of the guard-house and the barrack-room. Many of the social incidents he narrates are coarse, while some are even considerably worse; but those who really wish to be informed of the mode of life of the British private soldier, and who prefer daguerreotypes to fancy pictures, have no right to be squeamish. The purpose of the author has not been to exhibit the defender of his country, as everybody has seen him, on parade, with stock and shako, but in undress and forage-cap; and not so much pipe-clayed as clay-piped.

The materials for these volumes were collected while the quarter-master was compiling his interesting *History of the Royal Sappers and Miners*, and consist of episodes of military life; or, as we should rather say, of Sapper and Miner life, since he confines his sketches to that corps, and thereby contrives, perhaps, to select the most striking incidents from the most convenient area. If he had taken the more extended field of 'the Line,' it is impossible to say how far back in literature, away from genteel dexterity, we should have found ourselves; as it is, we are again and again transported to the days of Smollett, as in *A Dark Deed*, *He would have her*, and *A Bath at all Hazards*. The humour, to our degenerate ears, sounds a little like horse-play, and the love has a trifle more passion in it than is thought decorous in these censorious times. It would be a curious and not impossible task to apportion to each of the lower classes its relative backward position in respect to polish and delicate manners, and to find the corresponding place for it in some higher rank of a preceding age; but we fear that the result of such an examination would be scarcely favourable to that profession of which it has been said that every member of it is a gentleman.

The purely professional sketches, such as *Pontooning* and *A Night on Sea Fell*, as we anticipated, from previous knowledge of our author, are excellent; but his chief strength lies in detailed and almost microscopic personal description. The picture entitled *Sans Everything*, quite pre-Raphaelite in its minuteness, contains one secondary figure—that of the military nurse—which neither Defoe nor Dickens might be ashamed to call their own.

'Informed of the existence of an octogenarian, who had served at the siege of Gibraltar, and was mentioned with honour for his gallantry in Heriot's

* *The Romance of the Ranks*. By T. W. J. Connolly. Longmans.

history, I went one evening to discover his residence. I found him in a small room in "The Gardens" at Woolwich, the door of which was opened by a middle-aged woman, who seemed to be well acquainted with the business of life, and her own interests.

"I wish to speak to Mr Campbell," said I.

"Certainly, sir. There he is, snoring as usual," said she, pointing to the corner. "Be seated, if you please, sir," and she brought me a chair from the other end of the room.

"I bowed to the venerable man, but he did not notice my salutation.

"Are you his wife?" I asked, addressing the middle-aged woman.

"Why, yes," answered, with an air of impudent bashfulness.

"I took him about two years now and a little better. I took the old frump for his bits o' goods. He can't last long, and then all will be mine, for he hasn't a friend in the world that cares tuppence for him. To be sure," she added, throwing her eyes round the room with contemptuous dissatisfaction, "the things are not worth much; but they'll do for me to cart away."

"Over the place I cast a hurried glance. The walls were covered with gorgeous coloured pictures, in frames of deal, painted in imitation of oak, bird's-eye maple, and rosewood. On the mantel-shelf was crowded a number of delf-figures and birds, patched with white-lead and blackened by age and smoke. Among them were arranged, with every attention to order, a few pieces of polished rock, a dried monkey's head, and two or three fragments of bone, found in St Michael's Cave, Gibraltar. A small dresser groined with crockery of all patterns and colours, from a bread-pan to an egg-cup, and of all ages, from the plate of yesterday to the cracked saucer used when old Campbell's grandmother was in long clothes. In a word, the accumulated rubbish of a half-century and more was crushed into the domicile—a space little more than twelve feet square.

"Why do you talk so strangely in the presence of your husband?" inquired I.

"Oh," she exclaimed, smiling, accidentally shewing how poorly she was provided with masticators, "it's o' no consequence. He's as deaf as a gravestone, sir, and dumb as a rock. He only speaks when he wants his pipe, or summat to eat."

"So I was inclined to believe, for the aged man looked vacantly in one direction, and snored spasmodically, as if his nostrils were stuffed with muzzle-stoppers.

"Is he asleep?"

"As much awake as you are. For all that, he can't tell the blaze of a torch from the flame of a rushlight. So you see, sir, I have it all my own way. It's no joke, however, to wait on an old blind fool like that. It was throwing myself away to take him," added the harpy; "but it gave me a home, bad as it is."

"To say the best, your connection with Mr Campbell is anything but creditable."

"Lor', sir, it was simple enough, if not pious. I was a widder, and wanted a home; the old goose there was feeble, and wanted a nuss. He was better then than he is now—more of a man, sir. We both attained our aims without the clergy. What use would the parson ha' been in such a case? And I'm sure I attend him better than most people would."

"You are not married, then?"

"Married!" shouted the middle-aged woman, utterly surprised at my asking so insane a question. "Do you think I would do such a thing?" and she uttered the interrogatory as if she regarded herself a decided catch for any widower about her own age. "Get tied up to an old feller like that, who can't hear the proof-guns fire in the Arsenal, or smell a slow-

match if you was to burn it under his nose! Why, sir, do you know he's between eighty and ninety? Married to him! It's not his fault that he's infirm and stupid; but it would have bin mine had I taken such a lot o' goods for better or wuss."

"Here the middle-aged woman, at the bare thought of my fancying she was virtuous enough to be the wife of the invalid, laughed immoderately; and she shook so violently with the fit, that the rumpled borders of her begrimed cap flew about her high-coloured face like the canvas of a sloop-of-war tacking in a gale.

"She was a hardened wretch; and thinking it full time to drop the conversation, I turned to the Gibraltarian.

"He was bolstered up in a wooden high-backed elbow-chair, polished by wear. To ease his seat, it had a chintz-covered pad. More than six feet was his height, and his long gaunt face, made up of bags, seams, and long straggling grizzled whiskers, bespoke the gravity of his years. His mouth was drawn aside by some paralytic affection, and his lower jaw fell on his breast, exhibiting a chasm, looking, for all the world, like the grim model of a breached stockade. His gray hair, hanging in hanks from his head, served as cushions to prevent his shoulder-blades being rubbed; while the crown of his old cranium was warmed with a crust which it would have taken no end of soap and scrubbing to remove. His dim pea-green eyes, driven back into their deep sockets, were partially shrouded by a pair of shaggy brows, jutting out like *chevaux de frise*; and the under-lids, which at some remote period assisted to protect his worn-out orbs, dropped into the cavities formed above his pointed cheek-bones. A strange feature was his nose. Thin, crooked in and out by accident or wounds, and expanded at the end like a trumpet, it seemed as if it had supplanted an incompetent mouth in the office of speaking. His legs were cased in thick-ribbed Scotch stockings, reaching above his knees; his feet, pushed into a pair of old boots with the backs cut away, rested on a fragment of quilted blanket; and his poor wasted frame was only covered by a striped buttonless shirt, as if the pressure of anything heavier was likely to crush in his ribs. By his side, on a small deal-table, was a basin of hot gruel with an iron spoon in it, and a couple of pinches of salt on a bit of paper were near it, waiting the pleasure of that bag o' bones to devour the humble repast. The middle-aged woman could have supplied a salt-cellar and a better spoon; but there was the chance of the one being broken and the other spoiled, which, no doubt, were all-sufficient reasons for withholding them.

"All this time, Campbell was ignorant of my presence; and when I approached him, he had his eyes fixed in the same direction, staring with unaltered vacancy.

"How d'ye do?" said I.

"No answer.

"You must speak much louder," suggested the old nurse. "Bawl, sir, if you please. When I first took him in hand, I was hoarse for a month roarin' at him. Speak much louder, sir."

"After clearing my throat, I repeated the friendly interrogatory in as loud a voice as I could command.

"No reply.

"Let me speak to the *object*," interposed the middle-aged woman. "He can hear me when he can't a pistol-shot. What d'ye wish me to say to the old buffer?"

"I told the coarse creature my purpose, and she shouted into the ear of the statue the several questions I proposed. Her voice was so shrill it might have been heard across a common.

"Did you serve at Gibraltar?" asked she, with her

mouth close to the ear of the invalid, first applying a mild slap of her open hand to his shoulder, to restore him to consciousness.

"Ay!" ejaculated the Gibraltarian, gently inclining his ear to listen, and dropping his jaw as if it were no more use to him than a plumb-bob.

"Did you serve at Gibraltar?"

"No."

"Yes, you did," said she, chidingly, patting his parchment cheek with hypocritical endearment.

"O yes, so I did," he rejoined, evidently aroused by the coaxing touch of the nurse.

"Were you ever in the artillery?"

"In what?"

"The artillery."

"Tillery?" He apparently struggled to catch even these few syllables of the brief question.

"No, I wasn't; was I?"

"Yes, you stupid." Of course, the latter part of the reply was delivered in a subdued tone, and then she added, addressing me: "You see, sir, I'm obliged to humour the dear old man."

"The patriarch tried to recollect.

"O yes," he drawled out, "I was in the 'Tillery."

"Were you at the siege of Gibraltar?"

"At the siege?" Up went the ear again, and from the length of it, it was a wonder he did not hear every sound like thunder.

"Yes, at the siege."

"Was I?" he asked.

"Certainly you were," shouted the middle-aged woman.

"Of course I was," bawled the invalid.

"What about the Spanish baron?"

"What baron?"

"He whom you saved at the sortie?"

"At what?" mumbled the veteran.

"The sortie! you old dunce."

"When?"

"In 1781."

"Seventeen—eighty—one!" and the lower jaw, after the effort necessary to utter the words, wagged for a few seconds involuntarily; while the breath from his nostrils, between the snorts which exhaustion had produced, rolled out in clouds like steam from a glass of hot grog.

"Don't you understand me?"

"He did not understand; but, hearing a noise in his ear, muttered something that could not be interpreted.

"The middle-aged woman repeated the question.

"O yes—yes—yes," returned the veteran, and then was silent.

"Two or three other attempts were made to elicit information from him, but his indistinct replies were simply echoes to the questions put to him. Seeing that the task of gleaning any particulars in this quarter was impossible, I rose from my seat, took the old man's hand, and bade him "good-bye."

"Ay?" ejaculated he, reviving with the touch; and regaining in a measure his speech, added: "God bless you, sir! Will you give me a bit o' backer?"

"I never smoke," said I, smiling. The middle-aged woman was bursting with laughter.

"Then give me a penny to buy some!"

"No sooner than the word than the blow. Not prepared to find the patriarch so alive to his wants, I was a little surprised, modest as was his request, to hear him ask for the luxury in an unhesitating and peremptory tone. Too glad, in this way, to assist his necessities, I gave him a trifle; and with a disapproving look at the haridan, who returned it with a coquettish leer, I passed from the chamber of the octogenarian.

"A fortnight later, calling to inquire whether the aged invalid was short of tobacco, I learned he was in

his grave, and that the middle-aged nurse had decamped with his "bits o' things."

This grim, unsparring sort of description is Quarter-master Connolly's favourite as well as special talent, and *Downwards* and *The Garrison Calcraft*, afford two out of many terrible specimens of his sombre art.

The real incidents for story which lay at the author's hand were indeed so numerous, as to make professional *littérateurs*, like ourselves, gnash our teeth with envy. This profuse person knows so little of the value and scarcity of his raw material, that he disposes of a really striking situation in a paragraph, and constructs 'an anecdote' out of what would serve some of us for a three-volume novel. Nor is this embarrassment of wealth so much to be wondered at, when we read that in the ranks of the Sappers—a comparatively small corps—all professions, from that of the lawyer to that of the policeman, have their representatives, and all trades, from the organ-builder to the mouse-trap maker. During the eighty years that it has existed, it has borne upon its muster-roll clergymen and dissenting ministers, cashiered officers, used-up baronets, broken-down stockbrokers and barristers, ventriloquists, actors, and even one magician and prophet; nay, 'in 1848, one James Gordon, late a private of the corps, succeeded, as heir of his grandfather, to the titles of Viscount Kenmare and Lord of Lochinvar.'

A BLIND MAN'S THOUGHTS.

I LITTLE knew the worth of sight
Before my lamp was snatched away;
Ah, had I garnered up the light,
My mind had not been dark to-day!
Had coming eve foreshadowed thought,
How precious, then, would morn have been;
Alas, I saw not what I ought,
And saw what I should not have seen!

The blow descended as I slept,
I woke, unconscious of my doom,
While morning unsuspected crept
With stealthy footsteps round my room;
But when the dawn had passed away,
Th' unwonted merry call of some
Who came to tell me it was day,
Told me—my polar night was come.

It died—that first bewild'ring pain;
But rapid mem'ry, ne'er at rest,
Marshals a long and mournful train
Of dead enjoyments once possessed;
So to the minds of drowning men,
When past the anguish and the strife,
One flashing moment shews again
Each letter of the page of life.

Yet would I not complain; I feel
Some pleasures are obscured by light,
As darkness can alone reveal
The solitary orbs of night:
The flowers unseen yield sweeter scent;
The touch of love is prized the more;
And woman's silvery voice is blent
With music never heard before.

Yea, though I tread the vale of night,
I fear no ill, for He is there
Who with the rod of pain to smite
Has given the staff of strength to bear
And thus, with darkened steps and slow,
Yet led by faith, I venture on
So close to Him who deals the blow,
That half its heavy weight is gone.

R. R.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by WILLIAM ROBERTSON, 25 Upper Sackville Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.